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Expenses going to and returning from the Defendant's seat in Nottinghamshire, at 2s. 6d. per mile 31 10 0

Upon this the defendant requested that the draft might be sent to him; but as the plaintiffs had no other guide to go by, they refused to give it up to him, but permitted his attorney to have it, who unluckily lent it to him, and he never returned it, but pretended that the waiter at the hotel had lighted the fire with it. He, however, wrote the plaintiffs a letter, stating, that he had applied their nonsense to the only use for which it was fit, and made a nasty allusion to some monkish lines, which we cannot repeat. The fit of Heraldic vanity was over with him then, and he began to perceive that what he was ordering was all nonsense. He had employed the plaintiffs to fit him with a fool's cap, but he must pay for it; and the maker of the fool's cap, said the Attorney General, must not be fooled out of his money expended in the decoration. If it was his folly, he was a rich man, and might say,

"Meæ sultitiam patiuntur opes."

"I am rich enough to be a fool."

He must not afterwards be allowed to cheat the plaintiffs of their money, and the just rewards of their labour, because he had changed his mind. At first he thought blood was every thing; now he chooses to think virtue every thing, and says, *stemma quid faciunt*—let every man be his own ancestor—pedigrees are good for nothing, unless they happen to be drawn upon soft paper.

Mr. Murray and Mr. Hawker, from the Herald's Office, were called, who proved the plaintiff's case, and upon being cross examined by Mr. Garrow, whether they could not give any man a pedigree up to the Norman kings, and whether they did not deal in fiction, stated that the records in the college were very accurate down to 1690, when the visitation by the College of Arms ceased, and that they always required strict evidence to show a descent from persons whose pedigrees are recorded there.

Mr. Garrow, in reply, endeavoured to beat down the amount of the plain-

tiff's demand, and told some humorous stories, amongst which was that of an Alderman, who, applying to the College of Arms for his pedigree, was told by the Porter, that there was nobody in the way but the Red (*Rouge*) Dragon, who was asleep by the office fire, but he would go and wake him; when the poor Alderman ran away in a fright, saying, he'd be damned if he staid to be swallowed up by a fiery Dragon. As for the heralds, and Mr. Windsor Herald in particular, he did not mean to undervalue them, he respected them no less than a learned Judge, the late Mr. Justice Gould, who seeing one of them in Westminster-hall with his *tabard* on, all bedizened with embroidery, stumbled up against him, and begging his pardon, said, he hoped he had not offended him, but really he had taken him for a gilt arm chair, and was just going to sit down upon him. After some observations upon the charge of 2s. 6d. a mile, for going down in the shooting season, to eat venison and drink wine, he left it as a mere question of the quantum of damages.

Lord Ellenborough summed up the evidence, and the Jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 268*l.* 14*s.* allowing twenty guineas only for the journey.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH OF A RAMBLE TO ANTRIM.

(Continued from page 425 of last volume)

AS I have not, like a late tourist, given our bill of fare at each stage, I shall still observe the same silence with regard to our repast at Antrim, not that I think we fared worse, but because I suppose such stuff only serves to tire the reader, and certainly adds nothing to his general information; besides, few people care much how others fare, when they are not partakers themselves. Having completely refreshed ourselves, and signified our intention of departing, our kind landlady, with her husband, proposed to accompany us to see Lough Neagh; we gladly accepted the offer, and soon set out thither. Near it they pointed to several places, and informed us they were the graves of the unfortu-

nate people who fell in the action of the 7th of June, 1798; the sight moved me, as several of them had been my acquaintances, and recalled to my memory those lines of Blair:

“What is this world?”

“What? but a spacious burial-place

“unwall’d,

“Strew’d with death’s spoils.”

The walk along the strand of this lough is very pleasant, but the land close to it is poor, being overflowed by its water during winter. It is said, this could be remedied, by removing the eel-wires at Toome. If this is true, it is certainly a great pity to have so much land damaged, for the paltry consideration of catching eels. This lough has been so often and amply described in numerous works, and its petrifying quality so generally known, that I shall not attempt any description, but proceed to other matter. After walking some time along its margin, we crossed the fields to Greenmount, the elegant seat of ——— Thompson, esq. about one mile from Antrim, near the road leading to Muckamore. This beautiful villa stands on a rising ground, and is completely finished in the modern taste; the demesne is planted with a great number of trees and shrubs, and laid out into some very pleasing walks. At the rear of the building are two small lakes, well stored with fish; on them are also some swans. On the verge of one of the fore mentioned lakes, in a shrubbery, is a hermitage built with romantic simplicity, and opposite is a small island, joined to the main land by an artificial ruined arch. My companion seemed charmed with the scenery of the place, and on our going away, he repeated with rapture these lines of the poet:

“Would you relish a rural retreat,

“Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,

“The city’s allurements forget,

“To this spot of enchantments retire.”

Indeed, I believe very few places in this county surpass in beauty the charming vil’a of Greenmount. We now took leave of our kind conductors, and taking the road leading to Templepatrick, proceeded on our way home. The country about Muckamore exhibited some excellent specimens of

cultivation. The crops were truly luxuriant, and seemed to promise an abundant harvest, as all looked exceedingly well. Here are large flour mills, also a linen bleach green. Near the road are several gentlemen’s seats; those of Mr. Swan and Mr. Thompson of Muckamore, are most conspicuous.

After travelling about two miles through a fine country, adorned with neat farm-houses, and exhibiting the same promising appearance as elsewhere, we reached Dunadry, a little hamlet, about three miles from Antrim; it has nothing deserving of notice except a large paper-mill, which gives employment to its inhabitants. We here crossed the six-mile-water, by a bridge, and as this river has been several times mentioned in this ramble, I shall add a short description: it rises out of Ballyboley mountain, and taking a westerly course, passes through Ballyclare, and by Templepatrick, collecting numerous streams in its course thither; it is here very deep, and mostly has a dead appearance; continuing its serpentine course, it falls into Loughneagh, as formerly mentioned. It is well stored with fish, as Doleghan, Bodach, Trout, and Eel; at Antrim are also Perch. It is certainly wrong named in being called the Six-mile water, as it runs a course, taking in its numerous windings, of not less than sixteen miles.

Proceeding forward, the country still maintains the same fertile appearance, while the scene was much enlivened as we approached Templepatrick, by the demesne and planting of Lord Templeton, the lofty turrets of whose castle we often saw amongst the trees. We now came to Templepatrick; this is a poor looking village, consisting of about thirty straggling dwelling houses; previous to 1798, it had a much better appearance, but a great part of it being burned by the army during the rebellion, many of the houses have never been rebuilt. Here is a handsome Presbyterian meeting house, and near it is Castle Upton, the seat of Lord Templeton; his Lordship is an absentee, and very seldom resides here, the castle being occupied by his agent. Near this is a good deal of planting, as Firs, Ash, &c. The necessity for raising timber in this

country must be plain to every observer, from the dearth of that article, and no where is the soil better adapted for raising that scarce and valuable timber *Oak*, for which this country was formerly so famous. The sun getting low, we halted but a short time, and continued our route to Ballyclare, a distance of four miles. The fields of potatoes near the road were numerous, and generally looked well; I remarked to my companion that they would be cheap this year, but he said, the farmers had these several years got a high price for them, and were now so much given to speculation, that he believed, rather than sell them at a low price, they would take Sir John Sinclair's method of drying them on a kiln, which he says will preserve them for years*. On arriving at Ballyclare I was again affected,

"The lonely spot to view,
"By artless friendship blest, when life
"was new!"

We, however, made no delay here, but passed on to Ballynure, a space of about two miles. This is a neat village, consisting of about fifty dwelling-houses; the houses are much better than in most villages of the same size. Here are a church, and a dissenting meeting-house. A great quantity of linen cloth is made in this village and neighbourhood; some cotton is also wrought, of the muslin and calico branches. Fairs are held here in May, September, and October. Having taken some refreshment here, we proceeded on to Straid; the coup d'oeil on approaching this hamlet, was very striking: the evening being calm, the smoke from its cabins ascended far above the lofty old trees by which it is inclosed; in short, the whole appearance when entered on either side, leads the traveller to expect the "loveliest village of the plain;" but no where will expectation be more disappointed; it consists of only sixteen miserable cabins, which mostly seem ready to tumble on the inhabitants. The parsonage house is near this place.

The sun set as we left this place, and my fellow-traveller parted from me to go home.

† Vide his Address to the Board of Agriculture.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
"Had in her sable livery all things
"clad."

And as nothing could exceed the beauty and serenity of the evening, being very tired, I walked slow, thinking occasionally on a remark I had read somewhere, that a person who travels through Europe on foot, forms a very different idea of things, from him who is whirled through it in a post chaise; and really I think with the author, that very different would be his ideas, indeed. Before I reached home there came on a drizzling rain; if at home I would have been glad of it, as the ground was very dry, but I now regretted it much; so very different do we view the same thing in various scenes of life. However, I made the best speed possible, comforting myself with the words of a great man, "What cannot be repaired, is not to be regretted."

S. M. S.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

DISSERTATION ON AN ANTIENT MARBLE STATUE REPRESENTING A BAGPIPE PLAYER; IN THE MUSEUM OF SIGNOR MARCHESE D. MAREILLO VENUTI. TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF SIGNOR CANONICO ORAZIO MACCARI DE CORTONA.

THE monument about to be treated of is an antient statue of white marble about two thirds of a cubit in height including the base, which is a kind of irregular pentagon. It represents a shepherd of juvenile age, standing, with a Phrygian cap on his head, clothed in two tunics, the one of which goes as far as his loins, the other to the middle of the thigh. His feet are naked, but his legs are covered with rough shepherd's boots. The left leg appears crossed over the right. He holds in his left hand a bagpipe, called in Italian *Fagotto o piva*, and in French *Cornemuse*. The bag appears to be much swelled out, and to its lower part is attached a pipe with three holes, to which the shepherd applies his right hand, to regulate the sound issuing through it from the compression of the bag. The two pipes for inflating it are wanting in this statue, having been broken as it